Fisher Junior College

The Charles Viewer

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1982

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LOVE ?

If you hit me,
I might hit you.
If you trip me,
I might trip you.
If you kick me,
I might kick you.
If you hurt me,
I will never hurt you.
If you leave me,
I never will forget you.
If you hug me,
I will hug you.
If you kiss me,
I will kiss you.
If you squeeze me,
I will squeeze you.
If you love me,
I will love you.

Kathleen A. Woodward

THE PAGES OF MY LIFE

As I turn the pages of my life
I see all the words that have gone by
And as I watch the pages turn
I see our life and begin to cry

As I turn the pages of my life
I see all the words that were not said
And as I watch the pages turn
I see the pages that were not read

As I turn the pages of my life
I see all the scenes that have since past
And as I watch the pages turn
I see the life that couldn't last

As I watch the cover close
I see the end is here
And as I watch the cover close
I know I've lost someone dear

Laurie Bacis

THE MOMENT

I looked into my friend's eyes
And I saw a vision of myself.
For one never truly knows himself
Until he has seen what others see.
So, for a moment I realized
I was needed
wanted
and
respected.
Because I had learned to love
and in that moment
learned how to be loved.

Stephanie Dunn

PREVARICATION

You're afraid that your daughter
is going to lie.
The day says live
the night says die.
She says, "I'm fine"
with one closed eye.
Autumn is coming,
it's time to go.
The dead leaves fall
like fragments from a life.
The snow will cover
the grassless ground.
But the sun will rise,
like all the lies,
without a sound.

Valerie Chludzinski

CONFUSION

When you think you're hated,
you find that someone cares.
When you think you're loved,
you find that no one's there.

When you think you've made it,
you find there is no end.
When you think you've had it,
you find some strength again.

Life is full of complications,
It's a puzzle and a maze.
It's strange and yet a wonder,
It's different in so many ways!

Cheryl Olson

YOU!

You've got me now,
But I don't know how.
I often think
Of your subtle wink,
Your gentle touch
Which I love so much,
Your swaying walk
And accented talk
All make me smile,
Lasting quite awhile.
I have something to ask,
It's not a task,
But something for me
Which will make me happy.
It's you I need,
So please don't leave,
For you've got me now
But I don't know how!!

Karen Bostley

SO AFRAID

I'm so afraid of giving,
Giving the part of me most cherished,
The part never shown to anyone
Selfishly locked away in my mind, my body, my heart.

I'm so afraid of caring,
Caring about someone too deeply,
About what they think or feel or want
Caring with my mind, my body, my heart . . .

I'm so afraid of hurt,
Hurt of opening myself up to someone,
To rub salt in the open wounds
Wounds of my mind, my body, my heart . . .

I'm so afraid of love,
Love of someone special,
All consuming and devouring
Devouring my mind, my body, my heart . . .

I'm so afraid yet I feel
I feel all these things and more.
It both confuses and thrills me,
All of me, my mind, my body, my heart . . .

Wendy Lawton

I cannot smile
Though I can cry
It's been a while
I wonder why
I would like to smile
Although I can't
I would love to laugh
And not dwell on the past
How can I do this?
I often wonder
I know how!
Put him out of my past.

Carol Hazelton

The misty forest
filled with invisible doorways,
explore - broaden horizons!

Melissa Kling

MELLOW MOODS

The snow is falling
softly outside
The stereo plays mellow
music
The lights are dimmed
and I drift, slowly,
backwards in time
To the many
nights we spent together
listening to these songs
The soft soothing songs
of the heart
What I am trying to say . . .
I miss you . . .
But I am happy
because you will
Always be there
for me.

Orchid

WITHOUT YOU

No one knows the feelings I have for you;
How strong they are I cannot put into words.

I want to be the one to spend all time with you.
You are what makes my life go on. You are every
song I hear, every person I see.

Being here without you is so lonely.
We should be together, you and I, all of the time.
Without you is like being lost in a storm.

I sit here and remember the memories.
I shed a tear or two as I do, out of happiness.
Happiness for the times we shared,
And happiness for more times we shall share again.

How I long for that look in your eyes,
The honest tenderness of your glance when you
said to me, "I Love You."

For now, all I can do is dream
And wish you were here with me.
Some day soon we will be together.
But right now I ask myself, "When?"
You're so far away, a distance that seems like eternity.
So all I can do is dream of you,
And wish you and I were together again.

Robin Buchanio

TRUE CONFECTIONS

One day my Prince will come
with his heart laid on a platter
I hope his entrance soon will be
for I am getting fatter

You see each time my heart is broken
I can't contain desire
for cakes and pies and candy too
or chicken from the fryer

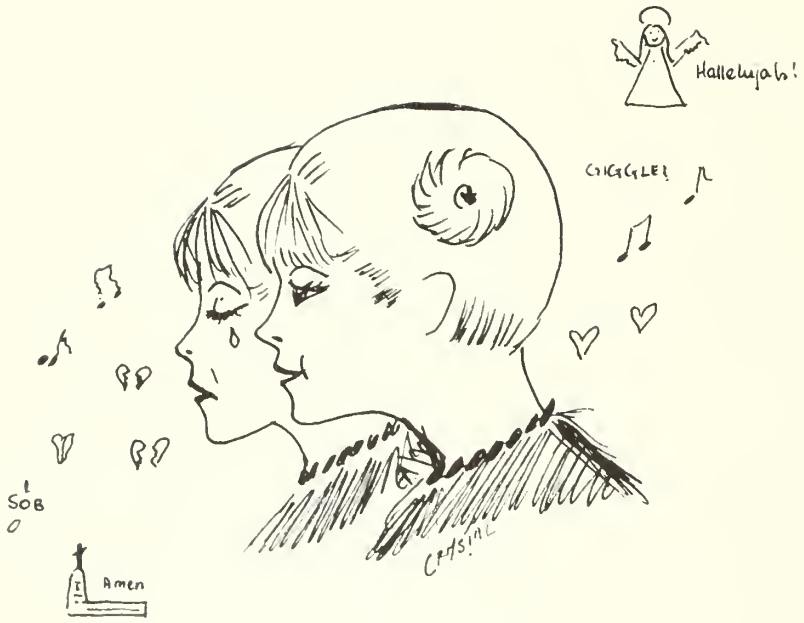
I drown my sorrows in chocolate
and ice cream by the bowl
please come and see me soon my love
or through each room I'll roll.

Helen F. Norton

DADDY'S POEM

A father is someone who listens
no matter what the problem is
A father is someone who'll talk
if he thinks it's needed
A father is someone with patience
though at times it does run thin
A father is someone who'll guide you
when the next step is "confusion"
A father is someone who disciplines
if things get out of hand
A father is someone to go to
when a math problem won't balance
A father is someone beside you
if you wake up in a hospital bed
A father is someone who drives you to
school when the weather is bad
A father is someone you call "Da Da"
when you first learn to talk
A father is someone to drive a car
with when you're first learning
A father is someone who marches proudly
down the aisle, on that special day
A father is someone who cries
when his lst grandchild is born
A father is someone who loves you
through thick, thin, good, and bad
A father is someone I am lucky
enough to be blessed with
I love you daddy - more than
you'll ever know

Noreen E. Connell



FACES

Have you ever noticed the charm,
the grace,
the beauty, and loveliness
of a face?

Crystal Sharp

LONLINESS

The pain and the sting
Staring at a lonely phone
Waiting for its ring.

Karen Bostley

THINKING

I sit and wonder
About how we fought
What went wrong
I often wonder
Now that he is gone
I know what went wrong
We always fought and
Never Talked.

Carol Hazelton

LOVE IS THE ANSWER?

Is love the answer?
What is love?
Love is the answer to what? Peace?

This is a feeling you can't describe.
Every year a different version is written.
From the beginning, man has written about his
Feelings of Love, yet there is no definition.
Some say you get a warm comfortable feeling inside,
You hear trumpets and such things.
Other people say Love is a fantasy,
A bitter experience--one minute you're
On top of the world and the next minute
You're in Hell.
For everyone Love takes a different course.

In a way, love is like a river. In a river,
There is the youthful stage, the mature stage, and the old stage.
From the main river there stem the little tributaries that
All meet at the main course. Some of the tributaries
Might be rough running water, some might be slow,
Calm and peaceful. All people get different impressions
Of the river and its tributaries, depending from which
Point they look at it.

The different stages of the river are just like
The different stages we go through.
The young and dashing, the mature, now beginning to
Slow down and look at things in a different light.
The old stage is meandering and leaves all its rubbish
At the sides of the river because it can't carry the rubbish.
It is too old to do that.

Orchid

THE PAGES OF MY LIFE

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I see all the words that have gone by
And as I watch the pages turn
I see our life and begin to cry

As I turn the pages of my life
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Laurie Bacis

A CRY IN THE DARK

He dug his own grave
He's under a spell
He tries to be brave
But he's going through hell.

He looks through the stones
He's very surprized
When he finds his own
He starts to cry.

A frightening face
Reflects from the wall
He screams his troubles
But no one hears the call.

But who would think
That he had a need?
He needed help
But you let him bleed.

M. Vignone

WANTS AND NEEDS

Needing the Want
so bad
that it becomes part
of your existence.

Wanting the Need
so that
you resemble a junkie
who craves a
fix.

Thriving . . .
to grasp, taste, touch
the want--
so desperately
that it clouds your
decisions throughout
life.

And when denied
the want,
the need,
your being
disintegrates--
as does the light of
day.

Doreen Silva
"Reno"

Shoes run up the stairs
They're late for their first class
Don't fall and feel dumb!

Lindsay Dowd

IDOL

There he lies,
big brown eyes,
looking at me,
what does he see?

I can't say,
why I feel this way.
When he looks at me,
what does he see?

Can he tell I'm in love?
Is that what he sees
when he looks at me?

He's really not here at all.
Idol, pin-up on my wall.
Is that what others see
when they stare at me?

I love my fantasy.

Susan Burke

Love is forgotten
But baby is now born
See how love lives on.

Melanie LeBlanc

NANA

The times we shared together
have faded to the past.
But the memories in my mind
will forever last.
I know that a person has a time to live
and a time to die.
The question is,
I don't know why.
Often when I think of you,
I really get quite blue.
But I can still remember,
that is what you don't want me to do.
So I try to think of our good times,
of happiness and joy and love.
Whenever I talk to you, I feel
your love
from way up above.
I know that deep inside of me,
your warm love will always remain.
But all the things we used to share
just don't seem to be all here.
Now I talk to you in a different way,
and I can feel you watching me from day to day,
for now you live in a splendor paradise.

Bless my sweet Nana,
Sweet Jesus Christ.

Kathleen Anne Woodward

Living in the past.
Only knowing pain.
Never-ending
Gloom.
Leaving
Identity.
Never-ceasing
Emptiness.
Self-stimulation.
Self-destruction.

Valreie Chludzinski

THE PHONE CALL

Waiting,
patiently,
desperately.
It rings
and as usual
I answer,
only to
receive another
disappointment.

Doreen Silva
"Reno"

Quiet powder white
Silence throughout the air
What a lovely sight!

Marilyn Alper

Even though I am far away
and time is moving mighty fast
I'm still your little girl
like always as in the past.

I remember the times
so very long ago
when you used to carry me on your back
oh, how my face did glow.

I lie here now
all thoughts on you
reminiscing the times
that were real and true.

Now I am at college
a new life to start
and I want to tell you I love you
from the bottom of my heart.

Please remember, Dad
I love you very, very much
and I care for you
a whole bunch.

Joanne Alapeck

"HOW MANY 'NEXT TIMES'"

There once was an old woman with a nasty cat and two fish. The woman spent all her time petting and loving her selfish cat, and she fed her fish dutifully. The old woman loved her pets, but needed something else in her life. Greenery, such as plants and flowers, was just what she wanted.

One day, the old woman brought to her house a lovely, thriving plant. She watered and nourished that plant with tender hands. Each day the plant seemed more full and green. The old woman was extremely pleased.

While the old woman was out shopping and while the two fish observed, the malicious cat tore apart the beautiful plant. The old woman arrived home to a destroyed mess of what was her once flourishing friend. Tears filled her eyes as she swept away fragments of her precious plant. Of course, she knew the cat was responsible, but she partly blamed herself for being careless. "The next time," she said, "I won't let it happen."

The next time came, and the second plant was twice as spectacular as the first. The plant lasted three weeks. The fish watched helplessly as the cat destroyed again. A slight scolding for the cat, and more tears for the old woman. "The next time I will be more cautious and clever."

Several more plants were followed by several more "Next time"s. Each time, the awful cat did his deed as the fish watched, immobile.

One day, full of laughter and life, the old woman came rushing in with the next victim. Shining, lush, green leaves showering down around a brightly painted pot. This plant was clearly the most fantastic that the fish and cat had seen so far. The woman, with a gleam in her eyes, faced the cat and said, "Not this time." She placed the plant high above the cat's reach. Months went by, and the plant lavished and survived the attempted swats from the cat. The woman grew fonder and fonder of her new plant. As each day passed, the woman depended more and more upon the continuous beauty radiating from her plant.

The old woman, stroking her cat, said, "I told you this time would be different." She chuckled, thinking how successful she had been at outsmarting the cat and anticipating the hours of joy she would finally have.

The old woman left early the next morning to visit a friend. The treacherous cat had long been planning and plotting for the day when this plant would be erased. Within an hour the cat was on the same level as the plant, a nasty look in his eyes. The fish were quite helpless and watched with dread. "The cat couldn't be so cruel or insensitive as to destroy the old woman's plant, could he?" And from where they were, the cat seemed to be saying, with his smug expression, "She actually thought this time would be different. Foolish, foolish woman." With that thought, the malicious cat reached out and laughed as the plant began its descent.

Linda Jean Gibbons

THE ADDICTION OF LOVE

I'm not always so emphatic,
it's just that I'm an addict,
for your love.
You are my lost illusion,
of dreams too anxious for confusion,
it's you I'm thinking of.

Forgetting all the bad connections,
tears under manicured affections,
living in a Sunday school.
Now we've found the right direction,
let's start building our collection,
times together are the jewels.

I'm not always so pragmatic,
my heart's not systematic,
in any way.
But I've got this empty feeling,
I'll give you back what miles are stealing,
one of these days.

I look at you and our hearts rhyme,
your eyes are soft brown pantomimes,
that tell their story deep, sublime.
I look at you and lose all time,
I look at you and lose all time.

Deborah Seasholtz

DON'T YOU KNOW

Don't you know
I still care
Do you know how
I wish you were here

Do you still care
do you wish I was there
won't you come back
so we can be together

I love you
Do you love me?
Do you feel apart
or are things meant to be

I love you
But do you love me?

Carol Hazelton

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

I used to judge the book by the cover
First impressions were everything.
If you looked a little different, you might as well check out.
No seat on the bus for you.

One day that book was opened.
I realized that fancy covers and goldleaf binding do not
A person make.

The text--that's what is important--just like the inside
Of someone. You really have to know them before you know them.

So next time, before you overlook that book
With the plain cover, take it out, check it out.
Don't close cover before looking at the contents.

Helen F. Norton

Life is like a glass of fine wine--drink it up.

I want to share my special world
With someone who loves me
A world of love and tenderness
and blissful harmony

To walk along a salted shore
While gently holding hands
Watching seagulls fly above
And castles in the sands

To stroll along a winding path
Upon a rainy day
And praying that, that special feeling
Has come to me to stay

To share on stormy winter nights
The hearth's romantic glow
And dream the dreams together
That the firelight bestows

I don't need the things some do
The petting and the kissin'
Just a person to relate to
And someone who will listen

Someone to share my ups and downs
To tell me that he cares
With a strong arm to be leaned on
Who will overlook my tears

To experience the joy of giving
More than I receive
To stand together and be strong
For something we believe

I have so much to offer
Deep down inside of me
Love and joy to share with him
For all eternity

The person I am searching for
Could be far or near
I feel alone and empty
And I hope he'll soon be here.

Linda Jean Nappa

MUSIC

The sun shines on the outside,
But I cry alone at night.
My mind changes like the tide,
My body puts up an awful fight.

You try to help and give advice,
you ask me what is wrong.
But I'm too stubborn to see the light,
my only escape is through song.

My music becomes my only friend,
I find myself locked in my room.
Someday it will all come to an end,
But my bed could be my tomb.

Cheryl Olson

ONCE AGAIN....

We have been parted
Our hearts gone separate ways
My love outsmarted.

Karen Bostley

The light will shine
across the water forever more,
forming the magnificent colors
of a rainbow.
The rainbow will form a bridge,
a bridge over the rough waters.
On the bridge you'll find
the Lord with open arms
to help you in times of need.

Kathleen Woodward

MY REMEMBRANCE OF NANA

Upon this day I do love thee,
many hearts will be broken and
I will think of you as the sea.
Strong and wise and cheerful too,
in any thing I say or do,
my emotions will remember you.
You're as strong as an ox and, oh, so keen.
Remember they called you--
     Strong Hands Irene.
My heart is filled with a great deal of sorrow,
but that is gone--this is tomorrow.
Of all these words I've said of sorrow,
I'll never forget you--
Today or tomorrow.

Melanie LeBlanc

PASSERS BY

As I walk down the street
People pass by me
All of them in an unhappy rush

The man in the business suit
His face wrinkled with worry
His mind in the boardroom
Not giving thought to the "strange" smiling
girl
Or to anyone else

The ragged old woman
Her face wrinkled from the years
Her mind in the clouds of younger, happier days
Not giving a thought to the "strange" smiling
girl
Or to anyone else

The "strange" girl
Her face wrinkled in a smile
Her mind occupied with the passers by
Giving thought to
The man in the business suit,
The ragged old woman,
The young boy,
And to everyone else.

Wendy Lawton

Like a knight you came into my
life,
Swept me away and made me your wife.
We lived in love, joyous and
free,
We gave and we took, we cherished
the glee.
But we both knew something was
wrong,
That doubt that was there was overwhelmingly
strong.
That very doubt that tore us apart in the
past,
Was here again to make sure we wouldn't
last.
We fought it,
we tried.
And in the end,
we cried.
For we knew that it would never
be,
This great life we'd never
see.

Laurie Bacis

LOST WEEKEND

It's the hand that wraps
it's writhing fingers around my heart,
and the emotion pours out in complete confusion
leaving me bloodless.
It's as frustrating as a half-eaten
piece of apple pie.
Oh, that venomous bite of infatuation
that inundates me with uncertainty.
It's too late.
You walked in and out and now,
I am here alone,
again.
But really alone now because
I don't even have myself.
I thought the day would bring some light,
but I never pushed the curtains open anyway.
And the darkness grows with night.
Illuminating gloom.
There is no tomorrow.
No Today.
Only yesterday to feed at my innards.

Valerie Chludzinski

NO TITLE

Forgetting you,
Starting anew,
My heart aches
As I wait.
Away I'll go,
Upset and low,
'til someone else
Stops and helps.
With past erased,
Feelings faced,
I feel great pain,
Re-hurt again.

Karen Bostley

THE WHEEL OF LIFE

Life is like a wheel
going round and round
stopping occasionally to hear the sound.
It makes its stops along the way,
leading people day by day.
It takes people to wherever
they're thinking of--
sometimes to a place way above.
You'll never know when it'll stop
sometimes in the middle of a war
with no open door.
When things get rougher,
still it stops,
a time when disease is everywhere
and a time when no one would care.
The wheel has no corners
so there's no place to hide.
You must just live your life
going round and round
with or without a sound.

Joanne Alapeck

WHO CARES?

Do people really care?
Or do they just put on their faces?
Faces of understanding, compassion,
Giving, thoughtfulness--
All the "right" emotions.

People all around me say they care,
In fair weather that is,
But when the storm gets heavy,
And too thick for them to comprehend,
They float away into calmer,
More easily dealt with seas,
Leaving me in the swells
With a punctured life raft,
Drowning slowly.

These masks made today
Are products of our advancement,
Thicker, stronger, harder to break through.
How do we then distinguish between
The sincere and the superficial,
The friend and the foe?
What truly lies behind the faces,
We may never truly know.

Wendy Lawton

FIRST LOVE

One tear
Trickling down my face
As I think about
This empty place
Inside my heart.
I know we are apart
For the days are longer
The nights seem endless
As I long for you,
Which seems senseless.
You will never be forgotten
Or the good times had,
But I realize now
That we are over
And I am sad.
A special place
Inside of me
Has been reserved for you;
It's been there since we met
And as one shall soon see
You were once special
And I will not forget.
I loved you once
As I do still now,
But after time,
It will be put aside
Unlike the hurt
I feel so now

Karen Bostley

GOALIE

He's tall and not afraid
He stands on his two skates
The guys on the other team
Know better to stay far away
The goalie is saying the goalie's prayer
The prayer includes a saying
"God grant me the patience to help my team win"
Oh no the puck is sliding down the ice
The goalie gets nervous and I can see why
He just made a super save
Wow he is such a super goalie
He's my brother Bob.

Carol Hazelton

CORNERS

Alone in the corners
of my room
Alone in the corners
of my mind.

I'm a traveler
whose journey
leads my inner
being on an
identity quest.

Searching in the corners
of my room.
Searching in the corners
of my mind.

Scattered pieces
float inside
this solitary
space.

Alone . . .
  Searching,
Alone . . .
  Searching.

I mull the corners
of my past
searching for the
answers
to my identity

only to find that
the answers
  have
   been
living in the center.

Doreen Silva
"Reno"

ALONE AGAIN

Seems as though I always end up right
where I started.
Alone as though it will never end.
But I can always look back on the
good times, all the happiness with you.
I was in love, or at least I thought
I was, and I thought we would be together
forever.
We cried, we shared, we laughed, we
dreamed.
Now here I am alone again.

Lisa Sweatt

DREAMS

Dreams are made of hopes and wishes,
They're sent from heaven to set you free.
They help you make it through the day,
And give you peace to let you be.

Don't give up when you think you're lost,
There may be time to find your way.
Just keep on dreaming of tomorrow,
And you'll be through another day.

Cheryl Olson

RIGHTEOUSNESS RISE

All men are born to be free to live to their destiny,
No matter what class, race, religion they may be.
Wicked system you will soon come to realize
Your man-made materials are not so powerful after all
When all of you are about to tumble and fall.

Micaela F. DePina

ALTHOUGH IT'S OVER

It's over,
you're gone,
I miss you.
I should feel desolate
and yet, I feel strangely at peace.
It's not that I don't love you
still, I do . . .
now . . .
more than ever.

It's just that each of us has
become an individual and
grown into different directions
and although, at this point in time,
we can't understand
each other's actions,
I am sure that
we will meet again.

For the ties that connect
us will not sever easily.
We've come too far,
experienced too much.

My love,
don't you see,
although it's over,
it isn't?

Doreen Silva
"Reno"

I will always hold on
To these precious memories
For they are my most
Precious ones.

You never really realize
How much a person means
Until they are gone
Until it's too late.

I have realized just how much
Our friendship meant to me
I only wish you were here
So I could share my feelings.

But you'll never know
Just how much I cared
If I had one wish
I'd wish you back.

So we could continue
Our friendship so I
Could let you know
How much I really love you.

Lori D'Alessandro

It's not because I'm alone
It's not because I need anyone
It's not because I'm scared
It's not because I'm insecure
It's not because we think
It's because we share
It's because we trust
That I Love You.

Lisa Sweatt

AND SO DID WE

When I think of the waves . . .
  with all their eternity
I remember how it used to be . . .
  when we were both in love
Just you and me . . .
  But waves break up
And so did we . . .

Kathy Upton

THE LAST TIME!

You are late,
My patience grows thin
For it's waiting I hate,
But my cool will win.
There must be a reason,
Why don't you call?
Must I wait 'til next season,
Or even 'til Fall?
When I do hear,
I will listen nicely,
Then see your fear
As I criticize precisely.
Never again
will I wait,
For if and when,
I'll cancel our date!

Karen Bostley

Love is a thousand tears shed
for the pain that is
inflicted on the minds, bodies,
hearts, and souls of the women
of this sphere.

Love is a wondrous word that
millions use,
and yet
very few truly realize its
hidden meaning.

It's a word that is constructed
to alleviate the question,
"What is this I feel?"
for there is no true meaning
for something which doesn't
exist!

Anonymous

YOU, ME, AND THE TIDE

As I sit back and watch the days pass, I remember our special times together. It's over now, but I'm not over you. You see - - you remind me of the changing ocean tide. You drifted in so suddenly and left in a mysterious way. When I was with you, nothing else mattered. I felt protected - - safe. You gave to me a sense of fullness I've never experienced before. Then without you I felt stripped of my security. I watched you grow farther and farther away from me, just as the tide sinks low in the sea. I had lost all hope of recapturing the bond we shared. The nights became cold and empty; the phone wouldn't ring; I thought you'd never come to me again. Then - - I remembered - - the tide is continuous; it changes every day. The sea shore draws the water in as close as it can possibly go. Next time, if I feel you coming close to me I won't push you away. The tide may drift off, but you will remain with me on shore. We'll start over and make our own waves. I'll drown you with affection so you'll choose to stay. Our lives will become one tide moving together - - and so will our love.

Noreen E. Connell

THE SHOES

When I was a child of no more than five years of age, I had to wear corrective orthopedic shoes to remedy knock knees and pigeon toes. I had always been a painfully shy child. I minded my own business and kept my mouth shut. I didn't even speak when spoken to for lack of words. I spent most of my time observing others and taking in the aspects of their behavior. I never bothered anyone.

While all of the other little girls were wearing bright new sparkling black patent leather Mary Janes, I was wearing dull clod-hopping hideous shoes in a shade of red so ugly that I think it has been banned from existence. And they were heavy. So heavy that if I had been thrown into a body of water I would have sunk to the bottom instantly. They were the ugliest damn shoes ever invented! And my skinny legs did not help the fashionable impact of them. The shoes looked like two cement blocks on the ends of those legs. In spite of all this, I managed to accept myself and the shoes as a fact and nothing more. After a while, the presence of the shoes was unknown to me.

One day, while I was with my friend, running in the schoolyard, running as best I could in those inert monstrosities, I was suddenly confronted by a "big shot" girl and a few of her bully companions. They surrounded me and the lead brute began to accost my shoes. I had never before been harrassed about the shoes and the incident struck me as quite odd. I could not understand why, after I had finally accepted the shoes, some belligerent classmate of mine was standing in front of me, blocking my way and singing in a mimicking tone, "Valerie has stupid shoes! Valerie has stupid shoes!" She was getting great pleasure out of teasing me.

My companion took me by the arm and led me away. What happened after that and my own reaction is a blur. I didn't cry, even though it was my first encounter with evil. Although my initial reaction is unknown to me today, I do know that this incident left the first of many scars that I would wear for the rest of my life. These are the scars that mold one's character, and these are the scars that want revenge!

Valerie Chludzinski

BEING FIVE . . .

They romp and they play
they never tire
They climb those bars
higher and higher.

They explore their surroundings
in a magical way
Shovelling, building, and
rolling clay.

They shout with excitement
about what they see
They represent the world
symbolically.

Their world's one full of laughter
and dreams
They question you about unknown
things
They live a full life almost every day--
but being five . . . it's just not
play.

Terry Lynn Ible

SILENT SCREAM

The feeling comes from deep within.
It builds, and grows, twists, and turns.
It takes hold and doesn't let go.
Your mind races,
Your body shakes.
You want to shout or cry or scream,
But you can't, for people are around,
And they can never know,
Never really find out,
That the faces that are put on
Are only a mask, a facade,
And the person deep within,
Is not the same at all.
She's different, strange,
In a way that few know,
And none understands
How such a comical girl
Could be so sad.

Wendy Lawton

NIGHT TERROR

It creeps up on me as the sun goes down
like a creature lurking back in the shadows,
immobilizing all senses.
No movement, no feeling, no voices.
Mind is forced from the body,
like a key stuck in a door.
It's calling me, calling me away.
Will I go or stay?
Forcing open the lids of my eyes,
I see the walls in front of me,
Moving one paralyzed limb,
I shake my mind back in.

Valerie Chludzinski

SILENT SOUNDS OF LOVE

A loud scream or an angry yell
The sound of a baby's cry
These can be heard by the lucky ones
And cannot by my kids, but why?

Each one of them - beautiful!
It's like I've struch gold
Everyday I learn something
They're precious to hold

I hate what nature has done to them
They're perfect! Except when they listen
Sounds to the children are only a blank
They rely only on vision to make their
world glisten

My life now will continue along
I hope my kids will keep trying
Their strength, ambition, courage, and love
Are treasures to cherish, there's no denying

Noreen E. Connell

THE MEANING OF LOVE--

Love is made of a thousand things,
Waiting by the phone, hoping it rings.
A feeling of sunshine in all kinds of weather,
The warmth and the sunshine of being together.

Love is traveling five hundred miles,
For a weekend full of laughter and smiles.
A voice that you feel that you've always known,
A hand reaching out for your own.

Love is hitch-hiking down to my hometown,
For I know I'll be happy with you around.
Being alone down in my room,
All-night partying, chasing the gloom.

Love is forever, Love is to the end;
Love sometimes means losing a good friend.
Love is a smile that warms your heart,
Just the way it was from the very start.

Christina E. Tuvturino

CAPE COD

I love you, Lewis Bay
I love your ocean
Like I love my youth
I love the sand and the surf
I love the place where
I grew up
I love you, Yarmouth
But you're only a dream to me now
Yesterday I was young and carefree
Summer days and yesterdays
Are gone now
A part of me is crying
Like the memory of the house I
grew up in
It is yesterday that I love
Yes I loved the cookouts
on the beach
Sandy Neck and four-wheeling
on the dunes.
Cape Cod is my home,
where my heart belongs.

Brenda Jayne Niemi

THE SELF-GIFT

I can but give you
my best self-part,
for you need only
that essence of heart,
which makes all
other gifts of love follow.

Hold fast to such as,
smiles of warmth,
tears of joy and
gentle touches,
for that is I,
at my best and
closest self.

It is yours,
my self-gift.
For memory.
For always.

Stephanie Dunn

MID-TERMS

T'was the night before mid-terms
and all through the house,
There was too much noise that
I couldn't block out.
There were books stacked up above
a mile high,
And everytime I looked at them
I thought I would die.
There was the car, the radio,
the stereo, and the Sony,
That when it came to studying,
midterms were bologna!
Now I know at this time it is
pretty hard to pass,
So I'll take the alternatives
And have a blast!

Rachel Cavallaro

TOGETHER

Remember the times we spent together
  laughing, crying, fighting, whatever.
Remember the love we shared forever.
  Why can't we just stay together?

Kathy Upton

Lonely people
No one to laugh with
No one to be with.
Lonely people . . .
Living in the world of non-existence.
Look at all the lonely people
Crying for attention
For that one simple but precious word.
Wanting, needing, yearning,
So much of it around.
So few people to shower it out.
Look at all the lonely people.
Love's what'll help them out.

Deanna Wade

NO ONE TO CARE

Our house is full
Yet empty of life.
Abandoned possessions fill rooms
With glad memories,
Leaving the bitter after-taste
Of sorrow in my mouth.

Doors that once shook
To the drumming of my father's footsteps
Now creak mournfully,
With no one to hear.

Wrinkled walls stand silent,
Watching faded spiders spin dusty webs
In far dirty corners,
With no one for company
But themselves.

An attic,
Whose belly bulges with relics
Of forgotten vacations,
Now leaks tearful rains
On stained wooden floors,
With no one for comfort,
But the sun.

A house
Once filled with life and happiness
Now lies dead,
Killed
By misery and loneliness,
With no one to care
But itself.

Stephanie Dunn

THE SHORT STORY--A MIRROR OF HUMANITY

Today, science and technology have brought about many changes in our ways of life. These changes are causing the emergence of a new kind of society--one that is becoming increasingly self-centered and oblivious to the problems of others. The reason for my writing on the topic is to emphasize the importance of the study of humanities.

The short story is one of America's greatest contributions to literature, and it is a very effective means of illustrating human conditions and experiences. Through stories, we can learn about and reflect on various areas of human interest.

To illustrate this relationship of the short story to our lives, I will use Kurt Vonnegut, Jr's "Who Am I This Time?" It begins with "The North Crawford Mask and Wig Club," an amateur theatrical society that is casting players for A Streetcar Named Desire by Tennessee Williams. The part of Stanley, the lead, is to be played by Harry Nash. Contrary to his manly role in the play, Harry, in real life, is a shy, nervous hardware clerk with a bland personality. On stage, however, all his inhibitions are overcome, and he is anything he desires to be while performing.

The part of Stella, Stanley's wife, is given to Helene Shaw--a young and pretty newcomer to the town. Although she plays her role convincingly as a devoted and passionate young woman, Helene is a lifeless, mechanical person offstage.

During rehearsals, Helene falls in love with Harry, and she makes futile attempts to get him to notice her. She finally manages to get his attention, when she buys him a copy of Romeo and Juliet as a gift. Helene opens to her favorite passage, which, of course, is the love scene on the balcony. As they read their make-believe parts, Harry becomes Romeo--dashing and confident. A week later, the two are married!

Their lives thereafter are a series of enactments. As Helene says, "In one week, I have been married to Othello, loved by Faust, and kidnapped by Paris. . . . I must be the luckiest girl in the world!" Henceforward, they live their lives in this make-believe world!

Vonnegut cleverly brings out here a fact true of society today. We are not happy unless we are imitating someone else--seductive, as Brooke Shields in Calvin Klein jeans or princess-like, with a hairstyle like Princess Diana's. We aren't comfortable until we are as slim as the models in Vogue or Glamour, and we, in our own ways, are living our lives being not ourselves, but somebody else! This is but one example of the way the short story can mirror the problems we face, the problems of humanity.

Even though science and technology must be studied to live a "normal" life today, it's the study of the humanities that enriches our lives and makes it possible for us to understand the meaning and purpose of existence.

Crystal Sharp

I love her so much
The world she would give to me
My friend, my mother.

Janine Campbell

ONE LOOK

Just today I looked at your picture
and the beautiful memories of you
rushed through my mind.
I then realized how much you meant to me
and how much you still do.
If I could only see you again
what a happy person I'd be
Because I know you're the one who cared.
I know in my soul you loved me.
But just today I looked at your picture
and all that came off the paper
were memories
All that I have are they.
How I wish that you were near,
But just today I looked at your picture
and . . .
I realized just how much I love you
still.

Deanna Arlene Wade

Always wondering what to say
Never really looking his way
All tight and drawn up inside
Feeling like I want to hide.

When our glances happen to meet
Then my heart really starts to beat
I see that something special there
I feel there's something we could
share.

But every night before I sleep
There's always that one thought
That makes me weep
That very thought that I may lose
The one and only thing I choose.

But as long as I can see
That this is right for him and me
Then no worry will I show
We will be happy and our
Love will grow.

Laurie Bacis

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Never underestimate your fellow men!
When you think they have reached
Their all-time low,
They give you a big surprize
And do something worse.

"Love your fellow men"
Love who?
Don't waste Love on creatures
Who know nothing about the meaning
Of the Word,
Though they profess to you they do.
They dig out your eyes,
And laugh while you cry.
That's their Love!

Bastards!
Hypocrites!
They are not good enough
To be called animals.
Animals - such sweet innocent
Creatures.
They would never harm a soul
If no one ever harmed them.
Yet human beings are supposed to be
Higher than they.

Orchid

FANTASY

Springtime is a beautiful time of year, the scents of fresh flowers and apple blossoms blowing through the air.

Sitting on my blanket, my dress sprawled around me, I notice the birds singing freely, not a care to be found. As I slip into my daydream, the warm sun embraces my body and warms my heart.

Nature is such a beautiful sight--everything seems to flow together, no beginning, no end . . .

Tall grass blowing in the wind, daisies swaying in the distance, clouds like cotton candy, warm weather finally on its way. Bumble bees buzzing from flower to flower, ants building empires all their own, to be washed away by the Spring rain.

Nature pure and simple, down to the last grain of sand on a beach. The meaning still too far for us to reach.

Just a lazy Sunday spent in my daisy field and where it is: That's my fantasy.

Suzanne Ericson

REBIRTH

Spring is coming back,
The snow is melting,
The birds are singing.

The moon in the distance
is glowing at its best.
The stars are brighter
than ever.

Children overjoyed by the
sun play all day.
Mothers sigh with relief.

Such a good feeling
Spring brings--
It's a rebirth for everyone.

R.A.C.

You told me you love me
I told you the same,
Old wounds now open
Who is to blame?
I've been hurt once,
Why not once more?
If I open my heart,
You might slam the door.
Do I let myself love?
Forget the past?
This time if I'm hurt,
It might be the last.
So what should I say?
What should I do?
Would life be the same
If I didn't have you?
Should I let you leave?
Go your own way?
My brain says go,
My heart says stay.
So now I must decide
What's it gonna be?
I've made my decision,
To my heart I must be true.
I must take my chances
Because I know I love you!

Lisa Sweatt

Tear drops falling on me
like rain falling on a white daisy
we melt together away.

Tamara Simons

WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS . . .

It isn't very often when the love you feel inside is shared. Opportunities arise repeatedly, giving you the time and place to let your feelings be known--to give that special person a wonderful feeling, the way you feel knowing someone loves you. A soft touch, a twinkling eye, or a small deed aren't quite enough. "I love you" are three simple notes, but when grouped together create a symphony. Before the ones you love are gone and the opportunities are lost, why not create a few symphonies?

Linda Jean Nappa

UNSURE

How do I love you?
Why do I care?
Where can I find you?
Will you be there?

Do you still want me?
Are you alone?
Could you still need me?
Would you pick up the phone?

When did your love end?
Could I have hurt you?
Was I really your girlfriend?
Just what can I do?

Is there a chance now?
Will we get together?
Is there a chance now?
Are you gone forever?

All of these questions
Plus many more
Can be answered by you, dear
'cause that's who they're for.

Noreen Connell

MISSING HIM

I met a guy
and fell in love with him,
and when the lights were dim
he showed me what love and caring
were all about.
I wanted to be with him
every night and day,
and for the rest of my life
with him I wanted to stay.
His words came like honey
when he talked to me about love,
and our eyes would twinkle together
like the stars up above.
He was the only guy who
understood me,
and what I would do next
only he could see.
Soon, he will be leaving me once more,
and his love
again
I will have to store.
Now I will hide my broken heart
beneath my smiling face,
and I know--
that no one will ever take his place.

Joanne Alapeck

MOTHER

Right from the start my Mom gave her
heart, for her kids to stand brave, bold,
and tall, to uphold all the things she
taught. One day she said, "You'll be on your
own." She'd say, "Don't worry about me,
for one day I'll be free. No more screaming
and yelling, no more pacing the floor.
For the Lord has spoken to me,
He has knocked at my door."
She told us, "Children, there will be days
when things aren't so hot, but for all
you do, don't quit when the going gets tough.
For one day you'll reach Heaven, and we'll
be together again. Please never give up, for
I've made my peace with my greatest
friend, Jesus."

With love forever,
Your daughter

TIME

Times have changed
And so have I
While my life goes on in the mad-race.

Sitting here in this dirty old city
Makes reality all the more clear
to me.
I'm not a child anymore.

High School days and yesterdays
are dead and gone.
A part of me is dead too,
Like the whispering, falling
leaves blowing in an Autumn breeze . . .

Times have changed
And so have I.
Life is now a reality,
I'm finally grown up.

Friends have come
and friends have gone
While my life goes on in the mad-race.

Brenda Jayne Niemi

MAN

The emptiness of it all,
giving of the innermost part of you,
receiving nothing worth receiving!

Striving to receive
and yet
realizing that it is an endless
dog-eat-dog cycle.

That cycle which is controlled and
molded by man, the creature with
an ego too wild to tame.

The emptiness of this untamed man
shall forever deny him the mental,
physical, and emotional satisfaction
that makes a being whole.

The creature who will eventually
destroy himself and those who
care the most for him.

Doreen Silva
"Reno"

BEING YOUNG

Being young,
Enjoying the fun,
Is done only once,
Given one chance.
If done right,
Resisting to fight,
With a smile,
It's all worthwhile.
Being young, I love,
Free as a dove,
Enjoyed while it lasts,
But slipping toward past.
Growing older,
Becoming bolder.
It's strange and new,
On to becoming you.
I can see
What's ahead for me,
But I am scared,
Challenged and dared.
Since done only once,
Given one chance,
I'll enjoy the fun
Of being young.

Karen Bostley

A TEAR

One
Solitary
Drop.
So small
Yet
So meaningful
In this cruel world.
Expressing the deepest of feelings.
So simple
Yet so meaningful,
Everything bundled into one!
One
Solitary drop
That means so
Much.

S. Cox

EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED

Starting off on my own
I feel like a child about to open my presents
On Christmas morning.

So many expectations,
So many doors to open.

Every day is not the best.
Many decisions are tougher to make than I had ever thought,
And loneliness for loved ones is a feeling that comes often.

But then there is that feeling of independence,
Making my way fast or slow, but on my own,
Building a new life for myself
No matter what happens along the way.

I just have to remember that the way is long
And not always easy or exciting.
But the rewards mean so much that I have to endure all
That I encounter.

Helen F. Norton

EXISTENCE

Birth . . .
the innocence of it all,
unknowing--
unsuspecting--
unprotected--
as a turtle without its shell.

Life . . .
an existence full
of trials and tribulations,
tears--
sorrow--
pain.

Death . . .
the answer to all of life's
prayers--
an end to pain . . .
the beginning of a
truly joy-filled tomorrow.

Doreen Silva
"Reno"

ALWAYS WONDERING WHAT TO SAY

Always wondering what to say
Never really looking his way
All tight and drawn up inside
Feeling like I want to hide

When our glances happen to meet
Then my heart really starts to beat
I see that something special there
I feel there's something we could share

But every night before I sleep
There's always that one thought
That makes me weep
That very thought that I may lose
The one and only thing I chose

But as long as I can see
That this is right for him and me
Then no worry will I show
We will be happy and our
love will grow.

Laurie Bacis

VALENTINE'S DAY

A couple walking down the beach
with smiles on their faces
holding hands and looking up at the sky
they seem to be so happy
he whispers something in her ear
she giggles and she smiles
he says I love you
and she loves him
he reaches into his pocket
and gives her a small box
she opens it with a bright smile
inside the box is a beautiful heart ring
with a saying "Happy Valentine's Day, Sweetheart."

Carol Hazelton

ME, MYSELF, AND I

I think I found a friend today
she smiled at me and laughed
a warm and special feeling inside of me went past.

We talked of men and love, and all things good and bad
for hours without end it seemed
no longer was I sad.

She seemed to know me very well
and I talked to her with ease
revealing all my thoughts and divulging all my dreams.

My vision of her fades
I've got to make it clearer
my god I never realized
I'm looking in the mirror.

Helen F. Norton

If it was so easy,
I'd have forgotten you by now.
If it was so easy,
I wouldn't frown.
If it was so easy,
I'd mean it when I say, "I didn't care anymore."
If it was so easy . . .
If it was so easy . . .
If it was so easy . . .
I'd swear I'd find a way to give up on hope--
But it's not!
So I'll hang on to the precious memories of my life
spent with you, and remembering
In my mind how much I still love you.
Remembering that if it was that easy,
I'd search for another love.

Deanna Arlene Wade

We would like to take this time to offer our very special thanks to Dr. Dean F. Walton. His time, patience, understanding, and genuine interest were greatly appreciated throughout preparation of *The Charles Viewer*.

With Love and Gratitude,
Linda and Kathy, Editors